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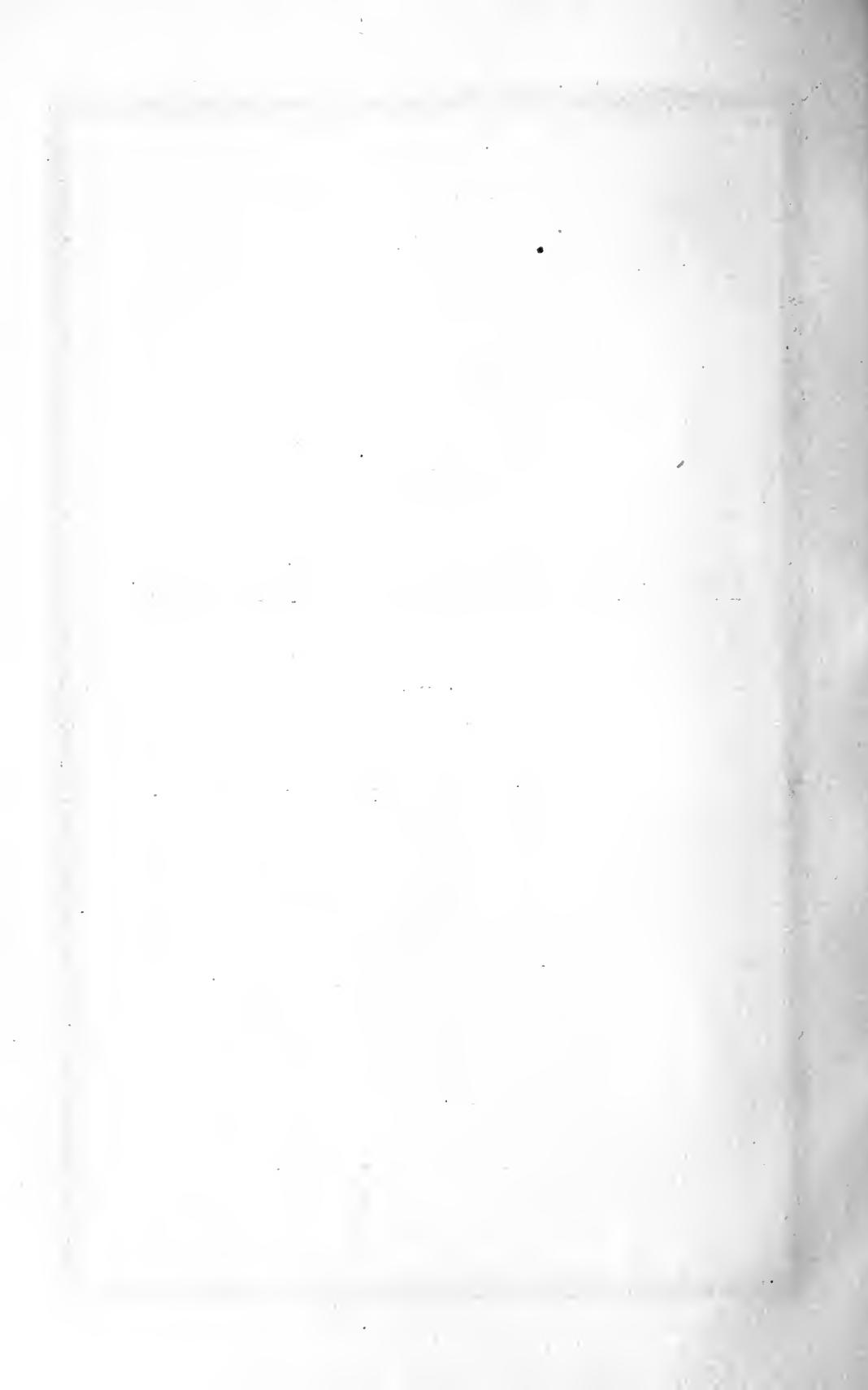
REBECCA MARQUAND CAVERLY

AND

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AMY CAVERLY

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**In Memoriam**

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**REBECCA MARQUAND CAVERLY**

AND HER DAUGHTER

**AMY CAVERLY**

**LOST AT SEA**

**MAY 7, 1875**

Todd, Printer, Congregational House, Boston.

REBECCA MARQUAND CAVERLY, daughter of Nathan Crosby and Rebecca Marquand Moody, was born at Salisbury, Mass., January 20, 1831, and was educated in the Lowell High School, and at the Young Ladies' School of Rev. Mr. Winslow, in Boston. She was married Nov. 13, 1856, to Z. B. Caverly, Esq., then Secretary of Legation at Peru, South America, and sailed in a few weeks to Lima, where she remained till June, 1859, when she returned to Lowell. The winters of 1860 and 1861 she spent in Washington, with her husband, who still retained his office. In the spring of 1862, his health required, in the judgment of his medical advisers, a more southern climate, and she went with him, in a Government vessel, to the headquarters of his friend General Isaac I. Stevens, at Beaufort, S. C., where he died May 24, 1862. She then returned to Lowell, where she resided with her father until her departure for Europe. She had two children, Amy, born in Lima, June 25, 1858, and Cecil Marquand, at Lowell, Sept. 19, 1859. He still survives.

She took passage with Amy on board the Schiller, at New York, April 27, 1875, in company with Mrs. Joseph Ridgway, of New York, who was accompanied by her son-in-law, Mr. Charles F. Walter, his two children and servant. They all went down with the steamer on Retarierre rocks, at the Scilly Isles, May 7th, at about midnight. The bodies of Mrs. Ridgway and Mr. Walter were recovered, but no others of the party were found, although Mr. Hastings, of Lowell, and Dr. Coggin, of Salem, repaired with all possible despatch to the Islands, and searched most diligently, assisted by the very kind services of Mr. Banfield and Mr. Buxton, Consular Agents there.

At the suggestion of their pastor, Rev. Owen Street, both being members of his Church, a memorial service was held Sunday morning, May 20th, in the High St. Church, which was beautifully and lavishly decorated with flowers by the loving hands of their many friends, and I now gratefully send the following tribute to their memory to those whose sympathy for us has been thus variously and most tenderly expressed, and to such others as we know have felt deeply our great sorrow.

NATHAN CROSBY.



## IN MEMORIAM.

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“ WHEREFORE, COMFORT ONE ANOTHER WITH THESE WORDS.” — *I Thess. iv: 17.*

THIS is mutual, not official. It is not a call upon pastors, officers, or leaders in the Church to administer this comfort ; but upon those who are the participants of a common sorrow. “ Comfort one another.” These seem to be the very words for us today. For a week past we have slept and waked, and thought and wept over a common calamity. The world is poorer and darker for us ; society means something less ; the circle of friendship has been narrowed ; a fountain of wisdom has been closed ; a strong helping hand in all goodness has been cut off ; a sweet stimulating voice in the ways of virtue has become still. The future, too, has been robbed of hopes that were blossoming into we know not what fair promise of good. It is a double sorrow that has befallen us — two bereaving strokes in one, and all in a way, so far as we can see, that need not have been ! Surely now, if ever, words of comfort are timely.

Shall I occupy your thoughts for a few moments with the consideration of what it is that religion proposes to do for the soul in the season of its grief ? It is not possible that in such a world as this, religion should have nothing to say to us on such a subject. Trials and afflictions of one sort and another come into the

circle of our knowledge every day of our lives. There is nothing that man loves on earth that we do not see one and another called to part with. There is no disappointment of worldly hopes that we can imagine, that does not here and there become a reality. And these are the causes of human grief—that which we love, snatched away; that which we hoped for, denied. And how poor is language,—how wretchedly inadequate are all words to tell the depth, the tenderness, the hold upon the very vitals of the soul of that love that clings to whatever is justly dear! It is the upspringing and blossoming of that which has been planted in the deepest soil of our nature. It is the throwing of living tendrils around the heart. It is the growth of something quick and vital upon the heart itself.

The tie is like the tie of life: the sundering of it is as the cutting of nerves and arteries. It seems like the cutting off of one's being from the stock upon which it had grown, and leaving it to wither without support, and without communication with the fountain of its life. The feeling is that of utter desolation. How often is it compared to the going down of the day in a cloudy night!—the light of life all gone!—the darkness settling down with an oppressive chill upon the soul! A voiceless night! All sounds of melody dumb, or terribly dissonant from the mood of the soul!

He who has not felt it, has seen it. And who of us has not seen occasions when it was too deep for utterance? and when the truest sympathy was that of silence? So felt the friends of Job when they sat on the ground speechless in his presence!

There is a communion of souls in which the one comes to the quick discovery of what is passing in the

secret chambers of the other. We are at no loss to discover the working of that silent unspoken sorrow that consumes like hidden fire. The world is full of it. It comes sooner or later upon the pathway of all. And then, as in all emergencies of our being, religion has something to say: she penetrates the deep want of the hour, and has something for that want which nothing else can have. What is the want of the hour? The first frantic outcry of the soul, very commonly is: "I want that which I have lost." But when God has recalled his *own*, and it belongs to this world no more, the real want of the soul is a new equilibrium;—an adjustment of itself to the altered state of things, in some way that puts it at rest, and renders it possible to mourn without misery. Unless this can be, grief will become morbid, and degenerate into melancholy and misanthropy;—or it will be run down and crushed by the wheels of worldliness.

How is this want of the soul to be met? Not with reasoning and argument; for the trouble lies deeper than these can go. Not with reproof; this will either aggravate the sorrow, or harden the heart. Not by underestimating the calamity; for that is to take counsel of falsehood. It is something different from all this that the mind craves in the season of its grief. It is what the text calls comfort. Not diversion; woe to the world if wounded affection in its agony has no better resource than this. Not the thought that others have been smitten as deeply as we;—that trouble is the common lot of humanity;—or that we are ignorant of what is really best; or that we do not know what evils, that would otherwise have lain in our pathway, have been prevented by that which has befallen us.

There may be a kind of relief to the mind in such considerations as these ; but it stops very far short of the Scripture idea of comfort. There is something that cannot be conveyed in words ; something that cannot be reasoned out and proved by argument ; something that is reserved for the inner experience of the soul ; something that can be applied in that same deep chamber of feeling where the sorrow itself lives and corrodes. Water will not flow upward from the spring, unless it be into an exhausted receiver. So the glorious spring of divine comfort which God has prepared for the soul, requires that the spiritual chamber it is to enter, be first exhausted by the withdrawal of some earthly blessing.

To be comforted, is not to become less alive to the sense of loss or bereavement ; it is to take home to the soul a companion feeling, that blends with its grief, lightens its pressure, and opens a new and larger sense of its spiritual treasures. It is like the letting in of fresh air to one who was suffocating with mephitic vapors. It is not the mere saying to the soul, "Look up and believe in an Almighty Friend ;" it is the coming of that Almighty Friend to the very door of the soul ; it is to feel that he is knocking at the door ; more than this, it is to feel that he has entered in, and that it is his voice and no other that whispers there, "Fear not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

This is beyond the power of mere words. Yet words may suggest to us some points that are essential in order to the securing of the blessing. "Comfort one another," says the text, "with these words ;"—words that tell of God's gracious designs in regard to those

that are asleep. "These *words*" pre-suppose acquiescence in God, and a vital bond of union in Jesus *with* those that sleep in him. The first thing is to recognize the hand of God, in our trouble. If we come not to this, he leaves us to the sorrow of the *world* that worketh death.

The next thing is a filial submission to the will of God. And it greatly aids the soul in this, to understand something of the intent and scope of God's designs. Hence we are told that he intends our spiritual good ;— not some capricious pleasure of his own,— but our *profit*; that we may be partakers of his holiness. And in the Scripture that leads on to our text, we are taught that there is comfort in hope—the sublime hope of something better to come. See how it is brought in: "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep ; that ye sorrow not, even as *others that have no hope*; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, them also that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him. . . . For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God ; and the dead in Christ shall rise . . . . and we shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air ; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Words concerning them that are *asleep*! Does it seem to you that it is only an easy, quiet departure, in the midst of all the mitigations of home, with kindest friends around,— the lamp of life going out because the oil is spent,— the last breath like any other except that it *is* the last,— that it is only such an exit that can

be called falling asleep?— and that it is only those who come to such a close of life with the supports of a Christian faith, that can be said to sleep in Jesus? Would you say the language can have no application to one, who in the vigor of youth, or at the meridian of life, in perfect health, is called suddenly out of the world?

This is making too much of mere outward resemblances. The Bible has a deeper meaning. A meaning which is as fully realized in the case of the martyr who is slain with tragic violence, as of the most favored saint who passes quietly away without a pang. You will call to mind how it is said of Stephen, who was stoned to death outside of the walls of Jerusalem, that after commanding his spirit to the Lord Jesus “he fell asleep.” No ; this style of language, in the Scripture use, shows nothing whatever of the manner of the departure. It is only that the soul has gone to its rest in the arms of its Lord. And what an emphasis is lent to the word by the agitations and anxieties that are so often gathered into the hour! That these should all be hushed in a moment, in the serene satisfactions of heaven, is enough to justify our largest conception of the blessed sleep of the believer. Let us thank God, and take comfort, that he permits us thus to think of those who are gone from us in the faith of the gospel.

“Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wake to weep !”

But more is said of them. If Jesus died and rose again, even so, them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Even so : *i. e.*, in the risen state. They are

even now with the Lord. For it is written, “blessed *are* the dead that die in the Lord ;—for they do rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.” And “to depart and be *with* Christ is far better” than to be here ;—“to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.”

Yes, though the ocean’s bed be their cemetery, and though no man knows the spot where they lie, they are safe in the keeping of the Great Shepherd ; at rest within his fold, held in his arms, carried in his bosom. But this is not all that is here held forth to our hope. All that is lost is to be recovered. The earth is to render back its trust, and “the sea is to give up the dead that are in it,” and they will be caught up together to meet their Lord in the air.

Is there no comfort in these words? The Lord descended once from heaven to the humiliation of the manger, and the form of a servant ; and then the angels sang “Glory to God in the highest !”

When he comes again, he comes in the glory of the Father, and all the holy angels with him. He came once to redeem ; he will come then to claim the purchase of his blood. He came at first to enshrine himself in the emblems of our weakness ; he will come the second time to surround his sleeping ones with the emblems of glory and strength, to take them to the embrace of his own almighty ; to make them more than conquerors through him that hath loved us. As he takes them to himself, so he takes them to his heavenly household ; to the great family of the redeemed ; to one another.

This is strongly suggested by the pronoun *we*. “So shall we ever be with the Lord.” There is no merging

of the identity of the individual in the general mass. It stands out sharp and clear as in this world, lacking only the moral imperfection that remained at the closing hour. And with this complete, indestructible personal identity there goes the equally indestructible consciousness of it. Hence our reasoning is very short and very sure to the conclusion that believing friends are given back to one another in the communion and joys of the life to come. Each one will know himself, and know his Lord ; and each will have the power of making himself known to others. A part of our treasure in heaven, is in the friends who have gone there before us. The fellowships of this present life move us to sing, and often with deep emotion,

“Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love.”

The kingdom of heaven on earth would be shorn of no small portion of its blessedness, if this tie were wanting. “All things are yours,” says the divine word, “whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas,” and to these might be added every other name in heaven. It is for every believer to say, Whatever treasure I have in any who have gone to heaven, is surely mine forever ; a dearer treasure when the heart shall have become entirely pure in that better life, than ever before. How shall we know those who have gone before, and those who come after us, to heaven ? The answer is two-fold and very brief. First, they know themselves, and can make themselves known ; and secondly, Christ knows them all, and can make them known. “Wherefore comfort one another with these words.”

A week ago we were in fearful suspense. We were

balancing in the darkness between hope and fear. There was something less than a certainty that the bereaving stroke had done this dreadful work for us. Now the terrible certainty is upon us. We speak across the waters, but they hear us not. The response is from others. It is now made clear to us that while we were persistently clinging to every shadow of a hope, they were already sleeping in their watery grave.

The circumstances of this sad event, had the friends we have lost been other than they are, forbid that we should pass it in silence. There is a voice of God in it, which we ought to hear for its own sake. The thunder of that great devouring deep gives voice to his inscrutable counsels, which are a profounder deep. How solemnly does the eternal anthem of the ocean interpret itself to us today; as if all the waves were chanting, "Be still, and know that I am God." If we ask why that fatal delay at New York, why those insufficient tides, our question reaches away to him who governs the tides as well as the storms. If we ask why that mantle of fog, as the other continent was approached, only he who makes the clouds his chariot, can tell. If we ask why that condition of the winds that timed their arrival at the fatal rock, so as to give all the force of the incoming tide and the night against them, only he who has put the times and seasons in his own power, can give the answer. If either of these conditions had been changed, those lives had been spared. If we go further back, and ask why those mysterious presentiments and misgivings, so many, so persistent, so deep, who can say that he who whispers unperceived in the hearts of the children of men, had nothing to do with these? It was not these whisperings of the evil to

come, that wrought the fatal mischief ; they came but very little short of preventing it. Why did they not prevail ? That same deep voice answers, "God only knows." Along the brink of this unfathomable ocean of mystery our pathway is laid. His judgments are a great deep, his way is in the sea, and his footsteps are not known.

These fathomless depths demand our contemplation today ; for out of them flashes up the light that we need in our darkness. What we see not, God sees ; the darkness is all of earth ; he dwells in the brightness of those upper skies, in the light of infinite wisdom and knowledge, seeing the end from the beginning — never thrown out of his reckoning, never taken by surprise, never falling into mistake. Those who are lost to us, are not lost to him. That which hedges up our way, sets no obstacle in his. In the spirit of submission, let us make his ways our own ; let us be in subjection to the Father of Spirits, and live.

The loss which we deplore today is no ordinary loss. This is said and felt by all who are entitled by their opportunities of acquaintance to say anything. Let me speak first of Mrs. Caverly. I have no fear of exaggerating, or saying more than your honest judgment will sustain. You know how she shone in society. If we have any who are her superiors, I have yet to make their acquaintance. An educated friend, who has an extensive acquaintance both in this country and abroad, said to me, "I think Mrs. Caverly the most brilliant woman I ever met." Her presence was attractive in a high degree ; her countenance beamed with thought and intelligence, as it did, also, with kindness and sincerity. Her education was of a high order ; her mind

was brilliant and clear. Her thought went straight to its mark, and her words defined with unerring precision the track of her thought. She was never at a loss ; thought was never stagnant or dull, and words were her most facile servants. All this gave a charm to her conversation, and placed her, in point of conversational ability, in the very front rank.

It was not the ability which consists in mere wordiness, and is fed from the trash of the story-telling literature of our times. She had a relish for that which is instructive and contributes to the growth of the mind ; and no ordinary fatigue could cut her off from her hour or more of communion at night with the most thoughtful essays of our best reviews. Would you know how that serene and thoughtful face could look so much intelligence ? It was because the thought and the intelligence were there. It was because she craved and would have the best thought of the ripest minds as the food of her soul.

It was this that enabled her to command the admiration of the old and the young, and that without betraying the least self-consciousness or egotism. She was too intent on gathering up whatever the occasion offered for some useful end, to become the victim of self-adulation. Her pen took the same facility of easy and forcible expression, and what she has done for us in this way has only made us wish that she had time to do more. She was a valued and trusted friend. She had the same clear discernment for things, for practical matters, for affairs, that she showed in the intercourse of society. She drew her conclusions with a promptness and a kind of intuitive certainty that made her a strong pillar of support for children and sisters

and friends to lean upon. They confided in her administrative ability, as they had reason to do, and as we have done in many things of public interest in our social and Sabbath School work, finding always that what she undertook was sure to be carried through. How we shall miss her in the Sabbath School and in the Church !

And here I come to a chapter in which her life was strangely blended with that precious younger life that has now gone with hers. About three and a half years ago, while Amy was yet a child, there came upon her a new and wonderful experience of religious awakening and self-consecration to God. Instinctively she sought those who could enter into the deep feelings of her heart. There are those who can tell that she had learned a new language without having been taught it by human instructors,—the language of sweetest prayer and faith. She conversed with God as her loving Heavenly Father, and with Christ as her dear and blessed Saviour ; and found a joy in this communion in which all joys of earth were drowned. Was this all enthusiasm and delusion ? Trust that keen-sighted, watchful mother, clear as truth, and careful as fidelity itself, to determine that. She had but one construction to put upon it. Amy had been converted, born again. She saw her in the ardor and simplicity of her first love, her newly begotten divine faith and joy. You may imagine the whirl of thought and conviction and self-examination into which that mother was thrown. It is written, "A little child shall lead them." She had many times before told me something of her feelings in regard to her most sacred duties. But whether she had ever before given her heart to God, or not, she

now resolved that it should be done. Thoughtful, calm, determined, with less of exultant joy, but more of the deep energy and momentum of a firmly grounded and intelligent faith, she took Amy's tender hand in her own, together they bowed before God, together they knocked at the door of the church, and on the seventh day of January, 1872, they sat down together at the table of the Lord. From that time Mrs. Caverly has been steadily growing in the strength and steadfastness of her Christian character, and becoming more and more to the church.

In the Sabbath School she has undertaken a work which was her own, and in it she has shown her organizing and administrative power. And the little ones that have been led and taught by her have mingled their tears with ours over her death. Amy has been more out of our sight for the past two years, in consequence of the anxieties that have been felt for her health. Her studies were suspended, and she has been much of the time away from home. The hope was entertained that this visit to Europe would contribute not a little to establish her constitution, and lay the foundation for permanent strength and usefulness. But so it was not to be. While we were gathered in our Friday evening meeting, sitting together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, they were in the deck-house\* of that iron wreck, fastened to the rock ; the tide was rising ; every wave

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\* So it was called in the cable dispatch that gave the first particulars that afforded any intelligible idea of the mode of the catastrophe. The London Daily News published an account given by Mr. Henry Stern, commission agent, who was a saloon passenger, in which it is called "the pavilion over the saloon." In this, he tells us, the women and children were huddled together, and were swept away together between one and two o'clock. As the ship struck between nine and ten, they were on the wreck some four hours.

struck at a higher level ; it was like using a longer lever, and besides, every shock was weakening the hold of the deck-house upon the hull, and making easier work for that on-coming sea that was to wrench it off, and sweep all that it contained to a watery grave. What was said between them during these hours of suspense, will never be told on earth. That each prayed for the other, and both for him, who would so soon be left without mother or sister, and for other dear ones far away, I have no doubt ; and no more do I doubt that they went down clinging to the promise, "When thou goest through the waters, I will be with thee," and clinging to him who gave it, even as they clung to each other. It is hard to believe they are gone. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

No, they were not divided. Dark was the hour, and dark and cold were the waters that engulfed them, but kind and true, and strong were the everlasting arms that took them ; and that solemn monotone of the ocean that is still chanting their dirge, was exchanged for the seraphim's song, and the bright welcome of heaven. Earth must have its clouds, or there could be no rainbow in our sky. Out of the blackness of midnight comes the bright sunrise.

I do not counsel you to dwell among the shadows and in the darkness. For a season we could not help it. But the darkness is past. We have felt keenly enough and long enough that earth is poorer for us. Let us now grasp the better truth that heaven is richer ; new attractions and new treasures are waiting there.

"Come, let us join our friends above,  
Who have obtained the prize ;  
And on the eagle wings of love,  
To joy celestial rise."

Let us make our life one with theirs, by giving it in a holy and obedient service to the same Master. They have not changed their allegiance or passed into another empire. Here or there, the service is one.

There is unfinished work that they have left to us. The Master bids us take hold of it. Mrs. Caverly said to me, just before she was called to one of her many ministries of love to friends at a distance, in the time of sickness, not knowing at the time that her plan would be frustrated in this way, "It may be that I have a little more leisure than some, and I am going to call on some of our people with a plain message of duty. I am going to say to them, there is your covenant, and here are things to be done; cannot these be brought into agreement." She mentioned particularly the Friday evening meeting, which she was pained to see so many neglecting.

You know something of her work in caring for children that had no church privileges; how she gathered them into the Sabbath school, and brought them to church, and sat with them, and taught them the behavior that was suited to the sanctuary; you may know something of the kindness that she showed them in sickness, and of the tie that she was in these ways weaving upon their hearts for their good. If I had anything to shred away from the goodly record she has left, it should not be this. It would dim the lustre of her crown if this were wanting. Is she not saying to us today: "I am gone, but the work remains; gird yourselves for the effort; forget the things that are behind; reach forth to those that are before, and remember him that went about doing good." We will not forget her; we will not forget the lovely Amy; we will not forget

what they have been to us, and what they have done for us ; and at times the unbidden tear will start as we think of those hard rocks and those remorseless waves. But we will turn to more cheerful thoughts. We will say they are not there, they are risen, they are gone where

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling floods  
Stand dressed in living green.”

There brighter companionships have received them, and friends gone before have already made them at home.

Here let me enrich my discourse with words which Mrs. Caverly had copied when she mourned for her dear departed mother ; indeed, I know not but the tear that has blotted the page from which I take them, was her own :

“O, weep not if you love her, that her tedious toil is done,  
O, weep not if you love her, that her holy rest is won ;  
There should be gladness in your thought, and smiles upon your  
brow,  
For will she not be happy there ? is she not happy now ?

“And we will love to talk of her, and after many years,  
The tears which we shall shed for her will not be bitter tears,  
When we shall tell each other, with a fond and thankful pride,  
In what purity she lived, and in what glorious hope she died.”

So will we remember *her* ; so will we remember *them*, and we will say, let the remembrance of them be a kindly stimulus in all the work to which the 'Master calls. Be *not* weary in well-doing. If he takes away our helpers, it is not that we may stand still ! When the standard-bearer fainteth, it is the time for others to rush in and seize the fallen colors. Lift up the ban-

ner high as you can ; and trust in the great Captain of our salvation to give you the victory.

Do you honor her Christian zeal and faith today ? Then why, O why, should you count yourself unworthy of the same honor ? Why keep back from the consecrations to which holy memories are calling you today, those talents that are needed for the noblest work that can be done on earth. My dear friends, we have been taken again by surprise. We parted with these dear ones with no thought that the parting would be final. Again has been fulfilled that saying of Him who holds all destinies in his hand, "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

How frail and transient are the dearest and most beautiful things of earth ! Like these beautiful but fading flowers, the dearest, sweetest blossoms of life, the fondest living treasures of our hearts, our own strong self-confidence and pride must droop before the sickle of death. We did not look for this ; we can hardly believe it now. I have stopped a score of times while I have been writing this discourse, and asked myself, Can it be ? Are they gone ? Such questions will be asked again and again, and for whom ? for you ! for me ! "In such an hour as ye think not." "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man." An hour unknown ; an hour of transition to the great untried domain, where hours are counted no more. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

## I.

OH, House of God, where late she knelt,  
 The voice of mourning fills thy walls ;  
 The dirge is sung, the tear-drop falls,  
 A vague, wild sense of loss is felt.

## II.

All burdenless here stands the bier,  
 Save for the pressing weight of gloom ;  
 In vain the flowerets smile and bloom,  
 To deck a form that is not here.

## III.

“Give up thy dead, oh stern, cold sea !”  
 The billows break with sullen roar,  
 Upon a bleak and rugged shore,—  
 The only answer to our plea.

## IV.

In native earth she may not rest,  
 Among the household’s quiet graves ;  
 Where by the soft stream’s glancing waves,  
 In happy sleep repose the blest.

## V.

Yet did her pure and gracious life  
 Breathe sweetness on this air of ours,  
 Give lasting bliss to fleeting hours,  
 And find deep peace in scenes of strife.

## VI.

And when in sorrowing groups we meet,  
 This thought our aching grief beguiles,  
 She lives in happy children’s smiles,  
 And in the lives by hers made sweet.

## VII.

Oh, doubt not, though your grief be wild,  
 That He who walked on Galilee  
 Shone forth on Scilly’s raging sea,  
 And clasped the Mother and her Child !

WHEN I first saw Rebecca, of whom all who knew her are speaking or thinking now so tenderly, so reverently, she was a lovely little maiden,

“Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet;”

her eyes were bright with expectation of the joys which lay in the Elysian fields before her. A three years' course of study in the high school, and three years with Mr. Winslow in Boston, completed her school education, during which time she gave unmistakable evidence of possessing rare intellectual endowments, a sweet and genial nature, a ready tact, and quick, warm sympathies. Of course, she was the pet and pride of teachers and scholars. With all her gentleness, she had a courage that never failed her, a practical mind, and clear, discriminating judgment, that made her in later years a wall of support to those who needed her, and were so dear to her. A glance of that sweet, assuring face, comforted with a great comfort.

At the age of seventeen, Rebecca returned to take her place in her home and in society, both of which she was so well fitted to adorn. We can never forget that pleasant, hospitable home, its doors ever open, so full of life and brightness; ruled over by the beautiful mother through the law of loving-kindness. Here Rebecca passed some years of uninterrupted enjoyment in the unbroken household circle; for although the elder daughter married, her home was near. It was during this time that our intercourse with Rebecca was

most frequent. She was to us a dear and welcome guest, always hailed with delight by the little ones whose play was the more gleesome for her presence, while she charmed the hours away for the elder ones. So it was, when time after time great waves of sorrow swept over us, that her feet moved just as swiftly to us, and though her eyes were filled with tears, and her hands trembled, while she did what she could for us, the beaming look never left her face, and our own caught its reflection.

On the 13th of November, 1856, Rebecca was married to Mr. Z. B. Caverly, an able and accomplished lawyer, and almost immediately sailed with him for Lima, where Mr. Caverly's duties, as Secretary of Legation at Peru, called him. There were no sad forebodings, no dark presentiments to mar the preparations for this long ocean voyage, only the natural grief at parting from so many dear ones. Mrs. Caverly's position in Lima was a brilliant one; she was a queen of society, reigning by the royal right of grace and attractiveness. She is still remembered there, not only as a brilliant and beautiful woman, but as a true friend and counsellor. Her enjoyment there was much increased by the companionship of her sister Maria, and her happiness was completed by the birth of her little daughter Amy.

In the winter of 1860-1, Mrs. Caverly accompanied her husband to Washington, leaving her two little ones, Cecil being an infant at that time, in the care of her mother and sister. Mr. Caverly was in delicate health, and having very arduous duties before him in the settlement of American claims upon Spanish American States, she felt that he required her exclusive care and attention. The following winter was spent in the same way. Here Mrs. Caverly proved herself an able assist-

ant to her husband in the prosecution of his difficult and intricate work,—her familiarity with the Spanish language, and her remarkable facility as a linguist, making her services as an interpreter in demand often even in the Department of State. As the winter wore away, the insidious disease which had been making slow but sure advances upon her husband's life, alarmingly progressed ; and in April, Mr. and Mrs. Caverly went to Beaufort, S. C., with the hope of regaining at least some measure of health for him. For a little time he rallied, but as suddenly failed, and soon passed away in Christian resignation and faith.

Thus alone, in a strange land, Mrs. Caverly met this great loss ; alone she prepared for the removal of her beloved dead to their distant New England home. From this time, Mrs. Caverly was less seen in society, but her activity was more and more felt in her home. A few years later, when her mother was taken away, her mantle fell upon this daughter's shoulders, and Mrs. Caverly took upon herself all the responsibility which lay within its folds.

She was peculiarly the light of her father's life ; she was father and mother to her own children ; and in her church—but with her connections here, and of her religious life, her friend and pastor out of the fullness of his heart has spoken ; to his words I will but add an Amen and Amen.

Now we approach the last winter, when, at a point of time in which it was possible to accept the tempting invitation, came the affectionate, pleading request of an aged friend, to accompany her on a voyage to Europe. Immediately came solicitations from friends on every side, to accept this favorable opportunity, knowing how

keenly and intelligently she would enjoy the sights and scenes of foreign travel. Even her father and sisters, putting aside their own sense of loss, cheerfully urged her going, believing that her life and theirs also, would be much enlivened by her new experiences. "I shall have so much to tell my father," she said. To all this was added the stronger motive of hope of restoring health to Amy, who had shown, in the past few years, signs of a delicate organization, causing thereby much anxiety to the watchful mother. At last she made her decision to go with Amy. But what was this *something* which so persistently caused the shrinking of this courageous, resolute woman? Would no one say nay to her going? The slightest obstacle would stay her. Alas! the way seemed very clear; only to her own inward vision, "rose this black veil before her, beyond which she could not penetrate." Just before her departure, holding her sister Maria's hand in hers, she said, "If I do not return to Cecil, be a mother to my child; be to him what I would be to yours if she were so bereft." How soon the trust fell upon the tender sister!

On the 27th of April Mrs. Caverly and Amy sailed from New York in the Schiller, but instead of a sojourn in Europe, she passed to that land, the glory and beauty of which eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath the heart conceived.

Rough the path thou hadst to breast,  
Strong the wave thy strength must test,  
Sweet will be thy after-rest.

Where the waves of Time surcease,  
In Eternity's increase  
Angel hands shall thee release.

H. M. N.

YES, dead ! how loth we are to say it, to own even to our inmost thoughts that they are dead — they, who went out from us so recently, — the one in the rich fulness and beauty of a thoroughly developed life, the other in the freshness and bright hopefulness of maidenhood ; and it is of these two so dearly loved and cherished, that we must now say that agonizing word—dead !

The words our pen would write, offer but faint tribute to the virtues of one we knew and loved so well ; one who ever met us with a pleasant smile and words of cordial greeting, and whose last affectionate “God bless you,” is still sounding in our ears.

Amid the storm and darkness of that fearful night, we see her with calm and steadfast faith listening to that voice, which like softest music she hears through the wild tumult of winds and waves, and which she whispered to her precious child, “Fear not, for I am with thee,” and with tender thoughts for the loved ones left behind, she crossed the dark river, and the loving arms of dear ones gone before were held out to receive and welcome her ; while our poor, fainting, human hearts strive hard through bitter anguish to say, “Thy will be done.”

Meeting life bravely and cheerily, with wonderful clearness of perception and adaptiveness, she saw and fulfilled the many duties which devolved upon her as a tender and judicious mother, an affectionate daughter and sister, and a warm and steadfast friend. All who were brought in contact with her, felt her ready and earnest sympathy in sorrow, and the bright-

ness with which she shared their pleasures. But her cares and sympathies were not confined to her household nor her large circle of friends. With a wide spread and active benevolence, her many acts of self-sacrificing generosity towards the poor, the sick and the infirm, can only be thoroughly known to the recipients, in whose memory she will most gratefully live, and by whom she will be truly mourned.

Rich in culture, with a readiness and versatility of conversational power rarely met, adapting herself easily and almost unconsciously to the ability of those around her, her ready wit, her joyous laugh and cheerful tones, will ever be held in pleasant remembrance, and the circle in which she moved will long miss and mourn her as one of its brightest ornaments.

But in her home circle, her strong affection, her clear judgment, her noble and unselfish nature, her refinement and purity of character, and all the wealth of love given and received, will carry their sweet influences through all coming years ; and in many hearts outside of the household where she is so tenderly enshrined, the memory of her beautiful life will be held with sacred tenderness.

In our grief for this loved friend, let us not forget the sweet, young life, so full of girlhood's hopes and aspirations, for whom the future seemed so full of beauty and gladness, which has been cut off so suddenly. She too had learned upon whose arm of strength to lean when human aid should fail ; she too heard the voice, "Be not afraid ;" and together mother and daughter, who had been so united in life, stood safely upon that shore which storms and darkness can never reach.



